

A GAME OF POLITICS

That is Being Played in St.
Louis.

DELEGATES TALK LOUD

THE HEARST PEOPLE ARE ENTERTAINING.

California's Delegation Helps His Boom Along—Some of the Gossip of the Delegates.

Special Dispatch From a Staff Correspondent.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 4.—A game of real politics is being played here. The delegates to the democratic national convention are politicians to a man; they are the kind of politicians that formerly settled the fate of the country. They are here to win. As they gather here and assemble in the great lobby of the Jefferson Hotel they earnestly to expound their ideas with an eagerness and vehemence that never fail to insure to the speakers the attention of as great a crowd as can get within hearing distance.

The delegates to the federal republican convention in Chicago assembled in the lobby of the Auditorium in that city and spoke only in the tones of the drawing room. Here the delegates speak to be heard by as many people as possible. There the crowd had the appearance of a business assembly; here no one can form a moment question the very appearance of a political convention. There it was said there was a lack of enthusiasm. No one was deeply enough interested in any subject to talk in a loud tone of voice; people then said everything was cut and dried. Republican themselves, these were words without opinion.

There is nothing cut and dried here; Individualism is rampant. Every one of the candidates has a platform of his own. The party which would be sure to be victorious over the republican ticket and platform is the party of the people. It is strongly directed toward the presidential nomination

Everybody a Presidential Candidate. Everybody who is a candidate at all is a presidential candidate. There are no can-

The platform is not a matter for much hotel lobby discussion. There are just two kinds of platforms—one the Bryan kind, and the other is the "conservative platform." Besides occasional reference to those two classes of platforms, that important party document is not receiving much

Here is a sample of the discussion this one hears constantly among the delegates: "You say Cleveland was loyal to his party?" said Louis Lenschinsky, a Tammany delegate hailing from a Greater New York district, as he approached Wm. Desmond, one of the six Iowa delegates who are instructed for Hearst, and who declare that they will allow their vote to be cast for the New Yorker under the unit rule.

This New York delegate, who declared that he was the youngest delegate his state had ever sent to a convention and looked the part, started to state why Cleveland had not been loyal to his party, but the Iowa man would have none of it. "You got in a frost and Cleveland got out of the frost," exclaimed Desmond, whose towering form made it necessary for him to look down on the youngest del-

This vernacular seemed to be perfectly intelligible to the crowd that began at once to gather, as both speakers could be

"You would throw down your country's honor for something to hang a calamity on," continued Dessmond; "you are a handsome young man; and I know you are decent and honest; you want to do right."

"Can't you stand for a little argument?" retorted the young man. But he had no sooner pleaded for argument than the big

He felt began himself to argue, and they kept it up on that strain for half an hour, the big one holding the floor and the young one pleading for a chance to argue the proposition he was prepared to defend, to the effect that Cleveland had not been loyal to his party.

And so it goes on in the lobby of the headquarters of the national committee at the Jefferson. Of course the people who are really doing the most to shape affairs, if the process going on here can be called a process, are in the picture building, private

shaping out, all sorts of rumors are spread in the conferences in their rooms. Rumors reach the lobby now and then of all sorts of combinations, any one of which if made would result in the nomination of some candidate on the second or third ballot. These rumors are supposed to come from the rooms in which conferences are being held. Wherever they come from, they get in circulation, and each one has the interest of a fifteen-minute wonder.

The Hearst people are as enterprising here as they have been all along. Max Ihmsen, the king pin of the Hearst campaign moves about with an air of composure and confidence that ought to produce better results than it does. Max Ihmsen never conceived a better scheme in his reportorial days on Hearst's newspaper than when he conceived the idea of making Hearst President. There are lots of peo-

ple who are fully satisfied that he worked the whole thing out just as he would work up a theory or a murder trial, and he had plenty of money to put it into effect. Mr. Ihmsen is credited with having the quality of genius. He is always attired in the peak of the style. He has the air of prosperity. Tact, courtesy and the power for thoughtful arrangement of stage accessories are qualities that were not spared in the make-up of Mr. Ihmsen.

There is the mystery of it all. That is what the delegates in the lobby are talking about. What kind of a man is this Hearst? We know his newspapers, but not about him? We know his managers, but let us see him and hear the sound of his voice.

For, verily, Hearst is the veiled prophet of the convention. Parker is silent when

seen, but Hearst cannot be seen. He is known to delegates only by name. Men who have attempted to secure conferences with him during the last few months have failed. "I tell you they will not let you see him," declared one of the delegates.

There is nothing new about this plan in the management of Hearst. It is just what it has been claimed has been a feature of his management right along. He is not in St. Louis and is not expected to be here. The Hearst management took the Jeffer-

son by storm last evening. They came to the hotel to discover that Belmont had engaged the bridal apartments. It looked as though Hearst would have to take the second best. Then it was developed that he